



## The Terrible Privateer.

**Y**OU sailors all of courage bold,  
Now a true story I will unfold,  
How we behaved you soon shall hear,  
On board the Terrible Privateer.

We touch'd at Plymouth, it was for men  
Unto the seas we went again,  
And being blest with a pleasant gale,  
Hop'd with our enemies to prevail.

We had not long been on the sea,  
Before a Frenchman we did see,  
He was well rigg'd and come from France  
Her name was call'd the bold Valance,

We crouded all the sail we could.  
Our thundering cannons fire we would,  
Many a gallant sailor fell,  
On board the ship call'd the Terrible.

Powder and ball did fly so fast,  
Four hours and a half this fight did last,  
But a sad misfortune us befel,  
On board the ship call'd the Terrible.

We boldly gave them gun for gun  
'Till the blood out of our scuppers did run  
Our captain and our men being slain,  
We could no longer the fight maintain.

To board us then they did begin,  
And stript us naked to the skin,  
They put us all in the hole together,  
Where twenty seven poor souls were smother'd

They sail'd with us to the first sea-port,  
And bound us in prison strong,  
Were full nine months we did lay,  
Before the Cardeel did fetch us away.

Here's a health unto our British fleet,  
Grant they with these privateers may meet,  
And better luck than the Terrible,  
And sink those Mounsiers all into a hell.

